

The most lamentable Tragedie

Dame. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.

Chiron. And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.

Demet. If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Who is this my Neece that flies away so fast?
Ceser a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame would all my wealth would wake me,
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt and hewd, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe in,
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy loue: Why doost not speake to me?
Alas, a crimson riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy honny breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath deflowered thee,
And least thou shouldst detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnst a way thy face for shame.
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet doeth thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a clowde.
Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,
That I might raile at him to ease my minde.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire Philom. *Ha* she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.

of Titus Andronicus

But louely Neece, that meane is c
A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fing
That could haue better sowed the
Oh had the monster scene those I
Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon
And make the silken strings delig
He would not then haue toucht t
Or had he heard the heavenly Ha
Which that sweet tongue hath ma
He would haue dropt his knife an
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poe
Come let vs goe, and make thy fa
For such a sight will blinde a fath
One houres storme will drowne t
What will whole months of tear
Doe not draw backe, for we will
Oh could our mourning ease thy

*Enter the Iudges and Senators
passing on the Stage to the place of e
fore pleading.*

Titus. Heare me graue father
For pittie of mine age, whose yo
In dangerous warres, whilst you
For all my blood in Romes grea
For all the frosty nights that I h
And for these bitter teares, whi
Filling the aged wrinkles in my
Be pittifull to my condemned S
Whose soules is not corrupted a
For two and twenty sonnes I ne
Because they died in honours lo

Andronicus lyeth downe, and

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